But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit:
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh;
To ſee me thus tranſ-formed to a boy.
Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my Torch-bearer.
Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too-light.
Why, tis an office of diſcovery, Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd. *Lor.* So are you ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy; but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
And we are ſtay'd for at *Baſſanios* Feaſt.
Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores, and guild my ſelfe
With ſome moe ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Iew.
Lor. Beſhrow me but I love her heartily.
For ſhee is wiſe, if I can judge of her,
And faire ſhee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhee is, as ſhee hath proov'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, fayre and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſcule. *Enter Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whoſe there?
Grat. Signior *Anthonio?*
Anth. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you:
No Maske to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboard.
I have ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.
Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight,
Then to be under-ſayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the Curtaines, and diſcover
The ſeverall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. This

Mor. This firſt of gold, who this Inſcription be
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond Silver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth mee, ſhall get as much as hee deſerves.
This third dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuſeth mee, muſt give and hazard all hee hath.
How ſhall I know if I doe chuſe the right?
Por. The one of them containes my picture, Prin
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my judgement; let me
I will ſurvay th'inſcriptions backe againe:
What ſayes this Leaden Casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire Advantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the Silver with her Virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves: pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afraid of my deſerving
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerve; why thats the Lady.
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in love I do deſerve;
What if I ſtraid no farther, but choſe heere?
Lets ſee once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire;
Why thats the Lady, all the world deſires her,
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deſerts, and the vaſtie wildes